MEN OF MIGHT

I. GEORGE WASHINGTON

II. ROBERT EDWARD LEE

III. "STONEWALL" JACKSON

IV. WOODROW WILSON

V. JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

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HENRY TUCKER GRAHAM

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HENRY TUCKER GRAHAM

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Soldier, Statesman, and Christian Gentleman

On February 22, 1732, just 214 years ago, George Washington was born at Wakefield Plantation in Westmoreland County, Virginia. A large Committee of the U. S. Congress was greatly amazed a few years ago to find that he was not born at Mt. Vernon. But his father never lived at that historic site. Washington's half-brother Lawrence built Mt. Vernon upon a very large estate given him by Lord Fairfax whose niece he married. He named it after his old Commander, Admiral Vernon of the British Navy.

But both Lawrence and his only daughter died young, and George inherited this fine estate about 1752, and under his skilled direction, it developed into one of the finest of southern plantations.

The family Bible stated that George was born on February 11th. And in his private diary, we find this entry under the date-line of the 11th., "I went into Alexandria to-day to attend a banquet given by my friends in honor of my birthday." The explanation of this seeming conflict is that there were two calendars in use in Virginia, and the old calendar did not pass out of use until about 1810, some years after Washington's death, and the 22nd.—under the new calendar corresponds with the 11th. under the old. Hence his birthdate stands as February 22nd.

"Wakefield" stood at the heart of a plantation of perhaps 1,000 acres, lying between the Potomac and the Rappahanock Rivers, and fertile beyond our dreams. Its doors stood wide open to kinsmen, neighbors, and strangers alike, and the hospitality there dispensed was simple, gracious and abundant, and flavored with a grace and courtesy and charm too little known in this bustling age. There was no hurried movement. Visitors came at will, and stayed a day or a year. Capt. Robert Lee tells of a kinswoman who came to visit at one of the Lee homes, and she stayed for twenty years and left at last with the help of the undertaker. Such was the unmeasured hospitality of the Old South.

We should like to look in upon that home that sheltered the boyhood of Washington, just as hundreds of thousands of visitors journey to Mt. Vernon every year, but that privilege is denied us as the house went up in flames before fame had knocked at its door. Its contents were completely destroyed, and the father decided to rebuild at "Pine Grove" in Stafford County across the Rappahanock from historic Fredericksburg. Here, when George was eleven years of age, Augustine Washington died leaving a widow and seven children together with a large and valuable estate.

Of the boyhood of the Father of his Country, we know but little. He attended the famous academy in Fredericksburg where a number of very distinguished Americans received their training. He walked the five miles to the ferry across from the town and back home in spite of rain and mud—something of which our young people in this soft age may well be reminded.

The story of the cherry tree is widely known, even tho the Uncowise dismiss it with a gesture of scorn. The story first appeared in print in a volume from the pen of the well-known "Parson Weems" of somewhat imaginative mind. But the book was published during Washington's life, he read it, and did not disavow the story. And so pending more conclusive evidence, I must decline to "bury the hatchet" or dismiss the time-honored story of the cherry tree. Indeed, given the possession of a hatchet, what more natural than that a lad of six or seven years should try it out on the first small tree he came upon.

The world is not generally aware that America barely escaped the loss of its great Washington. His brother Lawrence secured him an appointment as mid-shipman in the British Navy at the age of fourteen. His uniform was made, his clothes packed, and a vessel was waiting on the river to carry him to the fleet, when his usually strong and self-controlled mother broke down, and in a flood of tears, declared, "George, I just can not let you go." And George answered, "well, mother, if you feel that way about it, I will not go." Thus Washington was kept from being buried in the British Navy, and America's predestined career was unaltered. For so far as can be judged at this distance without the towering personality of Washington there could have been no United States of America.

Washington had no college training. There were in fact but three colleges in America when he was born—Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale—all small and crude. His young manhood ran true to the pattern of that period. He went to work at an early age and he was very fond of the girls. It may interest our young friends to know that even Washington had some unsuccessful love affairs. Four cases of ardent love are recorded as having been experienced by him. The first was a northern girl, Mary Phillipse, whose father owned a handsome home on the hills overlooking the Hudson. The affair soon went on the rocks, and Washington is said to have sadly remarked: "I think I might have won her hand, had I waited

until ye lady was in ye mood." His second affair was with the famous "Lowland Beauty," Lucy Grimes. She later married Henry Lee and became the mother of dashing "Light Horse Harry," and the grandmother of our beloved Robert E. Lee. This affair, for some unknown reason, also went on the rocks but Washington seems always to have retained very beautiful memories of the Lady. "Light Horse Harry," for example, was said to have taken more liberties with the Stately Commander than any of the officers that were close to him, and men said this was because Washington had never forgotten his affair with the "Lowland Beauty."

His third entanglement was with Mary Carey, popularly called "Polly." But her father interfered; pompously declaring, "my daughter can have her own 'coach and four.' She cannot marry a mere Major in the Virginia Militia." She afterward married a Mr. Ambler whose only claim to fame was that he had married the girl who had jilted Washington. When Washington, at the height of his fame, was returning from Yorktown at the head of his victorious army, they passed through Williamsburg. The whole country-side turned out to greet the victors, and as they passed through the streets, Washington recognized his former sweetheart in the waiting throng and drawing rein, he drew his sword and gracefully saluted the lady who had declined to share his name. And Polly promptly fainted in a neighbor's arms, but whether startled by the gleam of his stainless sword, or overwhelmed with thoughts of what might have been—this deponent saith not!

His fourth, and last affair, was with a charming young widow of twenty—Martha Dandridge Custis. She was the mother of two children and the heir to a large estate. As Tony Weller had not yet been created, there was no one to utter the timely warning: "Beware of Vidders." So Washington, now a mature man of twenty-six, plunged in. It is said he called to see the widow at two p.m., stayed to dinner, and then to supper, and on to midnight, and when he left, he had secured the promise of her heart and hand. When a friend teased her about her quick surrender, she is said to have replied: "Well, you know my estate was in a bad way, and I needed a business manager." No one will question the fact that she showed fine judgment in the selection of a "Manager." Moreover, she proved a worthy mate of the grandest of men—a devoted wife, and a dignified and charming hostess.

America, youngest among the great nations of the earth, has been singularly rich in the many great names that adorn the pages of her history. Of these no one is greater than he who won, and so richly deserved, the title: "The Father of his Country." For George Washington was truly a great man. The Duke of Wellington, himself a great Son of England, says: "Washington was the noblest and purest man of modern times."

The proverb runs: "The ages call and the heroes come." This simply means that when God has a great task to be performed, he prepares an instrument capable of executing that task. This was preeminently true in the case of Washington. For the stupendous task that beckoned him, God

gave him not only the moral and mental equipment needed therefor, but he gave him also a magnificent physique. Standing six feet two in his shoes, his body matched his height, and enabled him to endure the tremendous strain to which he was subjected—and so to prove himself "every inch a king" among men. To this physical equipment were added the moral qualities of faith, and courage and fidelity to every cause he espoused.

See him at sixteen, with a single companion, going out into the trackless wilderness, where savage beasts and still more savage men roamed at will, to survey the vast estates of Lord Fairfax, and his surveyor's reports long served as the directive for future sales of those lands in what is now the lower Shenandoah Valley. At nineteen, he became Commander of the Virginia Militia. At twenty-two, we see him bearing an important dispatch from Virginia's Governor to the Commander of the French forces at Pittsburgh, as it later became. His mission ended, he started back on Christmas day with a single companion and on foot—lest the tracks of a horse should serve as a guide to keen-eyed Indian pursuers. They crossed swollen rivers floating with ice, through valleys deep in snow, and over rugged mountain ranges, sleeping under the scant shelter of tree or brush, and pressing forward through the mud and swamps of Tidewater Virginia, he reached Williamsburg in 21 days and made his report to the Governor—a splendid feat of courage and endurance that would test the mettle of a man to-day with modern roads under foot and comfortable hotels in which to spend the nights.

On the way to Great Meadows, he was forced to drop out of ranks because of illness, but when he heard that battle was about to be joined, he rose from a sick bed, mounted his horse, and hastened to the front, and by his skill and courage saved whatever was saved in that disastrous battle. He helped to carry the brave but stubborn General Braddock from the field—four times wounded and the last a mortal blow. Finding that the General, carried in a springless wagon, was suffering acutely, he halted the wagon, unwound the great sash British Officers then wore, and transformed it into a hammock so that the wounded Commander was spared much pain. He died that night and was buried in the public road so that the grave would be hidden from savage foes who might in vengeful wrath have desecrated the body of the distinguished dead. This sash was long owned by a charming neighbor and relative of the writer—a kinswoman of Mrs. Washington and the daughter of President Zachary Taylor. Its location, since her death, is unknown to me. During this disastrous experience, Washington, a sick man, was in the saddle for thirty-six hours—an amazing feat of physical endurance and of moral courage.

But Washington, though without technical training, was also a Great Soldier.

Lord Wolseley, late Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, named him as one of the five greatest soldiers the English-speaking race has produced. He gathered raw militia, and frontiersmen who knew no

fear, men from the city and from the countryside as well, and by the sheer force of his great personality, moulded them into an aggressive fighting-machine, that crushed the proud regiments of Britain, and won the Independence of the embattled colonies. Thus he laid broad and strong the foundation for the mightiest nation on earth to-day.

Frederick the Great pronounced the crossing of the Delaware and the subsequent victory at Trenton as "the most brilliant military feat of the 18th Century."

The victory at Yorktown illustrates the genius of a great soldier and a master-strategist. Without telegraph or telephone or railroad or even decent highways, he gathered his scattered forces from New York to South Carolina at the head of the Virginia peninsula, and then forced Cornwallis back into the trenches at Yorktown where he soon compelled the surrender of the British Army, and thus won the long and weary struggle fought against terrific odds.

After eight and a half years in the field without furlough, he bade a solemn farewell to the army, rode to Annapolis where he surrendered his commission to the Congress from which he had received it—probably the only case in history in which the victorious leader of a great Rebellion voluntarily sheathed his sword, and retired to private life. Amid the plaudits of the Congress and of the public, he retired to Mt. Vernon and became a private citizen once more. When he rose the next morning, he was easily the most distinguished and admired citizen of the world. But he had no thought of all this, but was happy in the escape from the crushing burdens and responsibilities of army life. He looked forward with keen pleasure to spending the rest of his days as the country gentleman busily engaged in improving his great estate and in the enjoyment of family and friends. He became the most progressive farmer in America. He was the first man to institute the practice of rotation of crops in order to preserve fertility of the land. He was the first to use "commercial" fertilizers. He was the first to begin the breeding of mules—that unique American product. He was so much pleased with the result that he talked at one time of using them to draw the family coach, but it's rather difficult to conceive of the stately Washington traveling behind a team of mules! But his farming experiments proved highly successful and his efforts made him a very rich man for that early day.

But these happy peaceful days at Mt. Vernon could not continue indefinitely. Having won the war, he must now save the peace. The Articles of Confederation which bound the States together was too loose and ineffective to withstand the strain of differing views that would arise through the years, so he made a long and laborious pilgrimage through the country urging the calling of a Constitutional Convention to effect a "more perfect union." As a result a convention met in Philadelphia over which Washington was called to preside. He took little or no part in the public debates but the quiet influence of his lofty and patriotic character drew the hotly

contending parties together, and the outcome was the adoption of our great Constitution, which after the Bill of Rights was added suffered no material amendment until the heat of the War between the States produced those of 1865—seventy-six years later. Then by unanimous voice of the people, he was twice called to preside over the destinies of the nation which his sword had won, and his stainless integrity had helped to mould into the great America of to-day. He is the only man ever chosen for this great office without sharp opposition. After eight years in office he declined a re-election, stating that it was not wise for the Ruler of a Republic to remain in office too long. A wise principle which remained unbroken for more than 140 years. Thus full of years and of honors, blessed with the abiding love of his own nation, and the admiration of the world, he surrendered his great power, and became once more a private citizen, guiding the affairs of his great estates, and revelling in the delights of home and friends. A knightly gentleman without fear and without reproach who with rare skill had guided the ship of State through stormy political waters, and laid broad and sure the foundation of the great Republic of the West.

But what is the secret of Washington's greatness? A mighty monarch of the forest must strike its roots deep into the earth, and that soil must contain the food needed for the growth of the tree.

In the same way, so great a character as Washington did not come by chance. The secret of his greatness was his *faith in God.* He found the key to his great moral power, which never faltered even in the darkest days, at his mother's knee. He grew to young manhood in the atmosphere of a distinctly Christian home. His father was a Vestryman and his mother devoutly pious. The Bible and Matthew Hale's Meditations were her daily companions. These two volumes were among the very few things rescued from the flames of Wakefield. She spent much time in prayer, as her "Oratory," or prayer resort, just back of her later home in Fredericksburg eloquently attests.

Reared in such an atmosphere, George early united with the Episcopal Church, and later, became a vestryman both in Alexandria and in the country church, "Pohick," near Mt. Vernon. Both of these churches still stand. As a mere lad after his father's death, he conducted family worship and said "Grace at meals"—this last became so much a habit that in later life when a Minister was a guest at Mt. Vernon he sometimes forgot to call upon the Minister and asked the blessing himself. In Colonial days he urgently requested Governor Dinwiddie to appoint Chaplains for the State Guards, and at Ft. Necessity, lacking a chaplain, at the early age of 23, he conducted public worship for the garrison. Rupert Hughes in a recent volume presents a caricature of Washington. In popular phrase, he attempts to "debunk" the Father of his country. After this book appeared, a visitor at the office of President Coolidge asked: "Do you think Hughes' book will affect the public estimate of Washington?" Gazing quietly out of his window, the President replied: "I see his monument still stands, Sir." It created only a momentary ripple upon the placid waters of public esteem.

John Marshall, the great Chief Justice, declared: "Washington was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a truly devout man." A New England writer declares: "He was tortured by no doubts or questions, but believed always in an over-ruling Providence, and a merciful God, to whom he knelt and prayed in days of darkness or in the hour of triumph, with a supreme and childlike confidence."

After a signal victory, he wrote: "The hand of Providence is so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel who lacks faith, and more than wicked who lacks gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation."

He was a regular attendant at church. If there were guests in the home, they were invited to go with him; if they declined for any reason, he went without them. If, for any cause, he was unable to attend service, then he quietly withdrew from the family circle, and retired for several hours to the quiet of his study, and engaged in reading, prayer, and meditation. After his death, there was found in his library a Book of Prayers composed by him. They were marked by a devout and sincere confession of sin with a plea for forgiveness through the mercy of the divine Christ; for a blessing upon self and family and friends; for God's blessing upon his country. A more complete and conclusive revelation of the real man and his spiritual aspirations could not be asked. He believed that morality cannot be long maintained without religion. He abhorred gambling and issued General Orders against this harmful practice among the men in his army. He despised profanity and imposed penalties upon the men who publicly indulged in it. At his own table on one occasion an officer present swore loudly, and Washington with gentle courtesy rebuked him and then quietly withdrew from the room. In a day of universal drinking, often even to the point of intoxication, he indulged in a single glass of wine—which was almost equivalent to Total Abstinence by comparison with a too common custom.

In a day of universal profanity, he set a watch upon his lips. In a day of almost universal skepticism, he was a consistent and outspoken believer in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

As the wisest of the Ancients wrote: "To fear God and keep his commandments, this is the whole man."

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

A Nation's Ideal Man

139 years ago an infant's cry heralded the entrance into the world of one who was destined to become the knightliest son of all that knightly race who through the long centuries have "kept the lamp of chivalry alight in hearts of gold."

His sire was Light Horse Harry. His name was Robert Lee.

Some years ago on a ship bound for Newfoundland, I talked with a cultured lady from Baltimore. She was strongly Southern in her sympathies and told me this incident. A little while before there had been a medical meeting in Baltimore and, her husband being a physician, they had several guests in their home. Among them a distinguished surgeon from Michigan. At the table one day they were discussing America's great men, and she ventured to ask, "who in your opinion is the greatest of all Americans?" The guest from Michigan answered promptly, "Robert E. Lee." The hostess replied: "I agree with you perfectly, Sir. But as you are from Michigan, I rather expected you to say 'George Washington' or more likely 'Abraham Lincoln'." Ah, he said, "Washington was a truly great man, and America can never repay its debt to him. But Washington was never tested in defeat, while Lee was as magnificent in defeat as in the hour of his most splendid victory."

Lord Wolesley, later Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, as a young officer was sent to America as a military observer in the sixties, and was a guest for some time at Lee's headquarters, about the time of the Battle of Fredericksburg. Later in life he wrote a brief but beautiful sketch of our great chieftain in which he uses these words: "General Lee was cast in grander mold, and fashioned of different and finer metal than all other men. He was apart from and superior to all others in every way. . . . With him none whom I ever knew, and very few of those of whom I have read are worthy to be classed."

On another occasion Lord Wolesley was asked to name the five greatest soldiers of the English speaking race. He named Marlborough, Wellington, Washington, Lee, and Jackson. Two Englishmen and *three* Americans, and all three Southerners. His questioner interposed: "My Lord, did you not make a mistake. You did not include Grant and you know Grant defeated Lee." To this Wolesley replied: "Can you call a general truly great who lost more men in thirty days than his adversary had?"

The eloquent Senator Ben. Hill of Georgia in his famous eulogy said: "In heart, he was as pure and modest as a Virgin. As watchful of his conduct as a Roman vestal. He was a Caesar without his ambition. A Frederick the Great without his tyranny. A Napoleon without his selfishness. A Washington without his reward."

President Theodore Roosevelt said: "Lee is the greatest Captain the English-speaking race has produced."

I recall talking one day with a member of the Canadian Parliament at Port Arthur in central Canada. We were seated on the grassy lawn overlooking the vast and beautiful expanse of Lake Superior.

Our conversation ranged widely and touched at last upon the South and the old Confederate days. I quoted President Roosevelt's estimate of Lee and he made this significant comment. Remember this man was a Britisher by blood and training. "When you consider the boundless resources his opponents had at their command, and how very limited his own resources were in men and munitions, I think Lee was easily the greatest Captain of the English-speaking race."

My kinsman, the late Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, became President of the Jamestown Exposition after the sudden death of General Fitzhugh Lee. He accepted the task most reluctantly for the time was short and the affairs of the company were in much confusion, but he undertook the work as a patriotic duty. One of his first acts was to visit the Courts of Europe to enlist their interest and cooperation without which even measurable success would have been impossible. He gave this account of his interview with the late King Edward VII of England.

The King received him with marked courtesy and warmth, saying: "Mr. Tucker, I am very glad to see you for your own sake; for the sake of the great cause you represent; and also because you come from the State which gave General Robert E. Lee to the world. We think very highly of General Lee in Great Britain. We think he is like our beloved General Roberts." My kinsman said he could not, as a Southerner, let that pass, but was uneasy as to how his Majesty would take a correction. But with all the grace he could command, he replied: "No, your Majesty, you are mistaken as to that. General Lee was not like Lord Roberts. Lord Roberts is like our General Joseph E. Johnston—a great soldier and greatly beloved by his men. But, your Majesty, *we do not think anyone is like our General Lee!*" He looked closely at the King and was relieved and gratified to see

the tears running down his cheeks as he gently replied: "Yes, Sir, you are right, you are right. General Lee was a truly great man."

"From plume to spur a Cavalier
Whose heart ne'er parleyed with a fear,
Nor cheek bore tinge of shame."

Robert Edward Lee was born on January 19, 1807, at Stratford House in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Stratford was also the birthplace of two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Also that gallant horseman, "Light-horse Harry" lived there for many years. Westmoreland County was also the birth-place of Washington, and Wakefield was only a few miles distant from Stratford.

That County has also the unique distinction of being the birthplace of Presidents, for besides others of nationwide distinction, three Presidents of the U. S. were born within or very close to its borders. The late Irving Cobb, a Kentuckian, was right when he declared that had Virginia but two counties—Albemarle and Westmoreland—it would still be entitled to first place among the States of the Union historically.

Before our hero, there were six generations of Lees who had played a distinguished part in the history of Colony and of Commonwealth, but Robert was easily the consummate flower of an illustrious stock.

His father, Light-horse Harry was three times Governor of Virginia, and as a member of Congress was chosen to pronounce the Eulogy upon Washington in which he coined the familiar phrase: "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the hearts of his countrymen."

His mother was Anne Hill Carter and sprang from a family of culture and distinction. In her later life, she was an almost helpless invalid, and declared: "Robert cares for me with the thoughtful tenderness of a daughter." It is one of the anomalies of history that the greatest soldier of his age had as the two most powerful influences of his youth an invalid mother and a Quaker teacher.

At eighteen, he entered West Point. His career as a student was a brilliant one. He graduated first or second in his class (both statements have been made) ; was Adjutant of the Cadet Corps in his Senior year, the highest honor conferred at West Point; and achieved the almost impossible feat of completing the four years without a single demerit.

In 1831, he was married at historic Arlington to Mary Custis, a direct descendant of Mrs. Washington and heir to a part of the Washington Estates. Years ago, I lunched by invitation at Arlington and remember with a thrill that afterward, I stood with the charming woman who shared my name, and graced my heart and home, beneath the great arch under which Lee and his Bride had made their wedding vows long years before.

His army career followed the usual pattern of an army officer in times of peace until the War with Mexico occurred, and gave him a chance to prove "the stuff of which heroes are made." When the war had been won, General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, said: "My success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted courage of Robert E. Lee. He is the greatest military genius in America, the best soldier that I ever saw in the field, and if opportunity offers, he will show himself the foremost Captain of his time" (Fitz Lee's *Life of Lee*, p. 42). The story of Lee's life and achievements has filled many notable volumes. The monumental work is the four volume *Life of Lee* by Dr. Douglas S. Freeman of Richmond.

In a brief sketch very little can be said. Perhaps we can obtain the best sidelight upon his life and character by considering the four great tests to which he was subjected.

I. There was the test of loyalty. He loved the Union to the formation of which his own people had contributed so generously. He loved the U. S. Army to which he had given thirty-two years of devoted service. He felt bound by the strongest personal ties to his friends among the officers of that army. To think of breaking those ties caused him profound grief. Moreover he was offered by President Lincoln the command of the U. S. Army to force back into the Union the seceding States of the South. A great orator has said that never since our blessed Lord stood upon the Mt. and in one dazzling panorama was offered "the Kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" if for one little moment he would worship the subtle tempter, has such a dazzling temptation been offered to mortal man.

It carried with it immense honor, power, and distinction, with the White House looming in the distance.

On the other hand, Virginia was his native State, scores of his kinsmen dwelt within her borders, and with her great history his people were inseparably linked, and further, the wisdom of secession might be challenged, but the *right to secede* was never seriously questioned until after Sumter fell.

Lee declared: "I cannot draw my sword against my native State or fight against my own flesh and blood." And so he announced with the Shunammite woman of old: "I dwell among mine own people," and share their fortune whether good or ill.

In old St. Paul's Church in the Capital of the Confederacy, and at the gates of her stately capitol, the pew occupied by General Lee is carefully marked. Across the aisle an exquisitely beautiful memorial window has been placed. The scene is that of Moses putting aside the glories of ancient Egypt, and casting his lot with his oppressed people. While these significant words are quoted from Holy writ: "By faith Moses refused to be called the Son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

Thirty-one centuries later Robert E. Lee was subjected to substantially the same searching test, and met it in like heroic spirit.

II. The second test to which he was subjected was the test of victory. After gruelling months he had moulded a citizen army that was ready to follow him anywhere. That army reached its high water mark at Chancellorsville. Other victories followed but this was the greatest triumph of them all. Lee faced a powerful foe which outnumbered him more than two to one. Its boastful Commander pronounced it "the finest army on the planet." He added that the enemy (R. E. Lee's Army) now "must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his entrenchments, and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." But the genius of Lee was equal to the crisis that confronted him. With superb daring, he divided his army in the presence of a superior foe, sent Jackson on his famous flank movement which demolished the right wing of Hooker's great army and paved the way for a brilliant victory. The next day, shouting the inspiring slogan: "Charge and remember Jackson" the men in Gray rushed forward like a resistless tide, and swept everything before them, and hurled their powerful foe in disorder from the field of battle. In the midst of the tumult and the shouting, Lee serenely sat on his gray horse Traveler directing every movement, and receiving with quiet dignity the eager plaudits of his men as they swept past him in the charge. It was the crowning moment of a brilliant career. The "finest army on the planet" beaten, broken and in full retreat, Lee proud of his gallant men of whom he said: "There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led." The men fairly bubbling over with admiration and affection for their beloved Chief.

This is the key to the brilliant story of the army of Northern Virginia and its great Commander.

III. The third great test to which Lee was subjected was the test of defeat. The total enlistment in the Federal forces was four and a half times the number enlisted by the Confederates. The marvel is not that the South failed in the end but that she maintained the unequal struggle so long and so gallantly. On many a bloody field, victory perched upon her banners but she was never strong enough to press the advantages won, and reap the full fruits of her splendid victories. Moreover her strength was being slowly exhausted, while that of the enemy was rapidly increasing. For every three men Lee lost in action he could replace only one; while every man the enemy lost could be replaced by *three*. For the North controlled the thickly populated portion of the country, and also could call upon Europe for reinforcements. If you include the negroes there were more mercenaries alone in the Northern armies than the total enlistment in the armies of the South. Thus, the South, pitting genius and courage against courage and numbers was gradually stripped of her strength.

If I were to select the noblest page in southern history, it would not be Manassas, or Fredericksburg, or Chancellorsville—while all the world wondered—not the Wilderness or brilliant Cold Harbor, but I would

choose the ten months in the trenches before Richmond and Petersburg when toward the last 35,000 men, including sick and wounded, held thirty-seven miles of trenches against a powerful and aggressive foe.

Their clothes were ragged, their shelter inadequate, their stomachs half empty. They left the print of bare and bleeding feet upon the frozen ground, yet they threw back the constant assaults of a resolute enemy, until the skilled eye of their great Chief realized that the limit of endurance was passed, and ordered the dread retreat to Appomattox. For ten days the men, who could get it, subsisted on parched corn. Thousands stumbled and fell by the way from sheer exhaustion, until at Appomattox Lee clearly saw that further resistance was vain, and could result only in the useless sacrifice of heroic lives, and so with a *moral* courage that fully matched the magnificant physical courage with which he had so often faced great odds, he offered to surrender the broken fragments of an army that had long commanded the wonder and admiration of a waiting, watching world. "I would rather die a thousand deaths than ask for terms of surrender," said Lee. But the responsibility was his and he met it with unshrinking courage. But the heroic spirit of Lee could never cringe, and in *moral courage* this was his finest hour. His heart was breaking but he met the crucial test with head erect, and with commanding dignity and grace. Dressing in a handsome new uniform of gray with sash and sword, he went to the meeting, mounted and with a single attendant, talked graciously with his former foes, conducted the negotiations with quiet courtesy, and when he withdrew from the Conference, he had proven himself to be "every inch a King" uncrowned. One incident connected with the surrender has always appealed to me strongly. Among the Union officers present at Appomattox was General George G. Meade, his opponent at Gettysburg. After pleasant conversation Lee remarked: "General Meade, you have grown gray, time is telling on you." General Meade graciously replied: "It is not time that has made me gray, its General Robert E. Lee."

IV. But there was a fourth test to which Lee must be subjected before the great story of his life is complete. It is the searching test of *service.*

The war is ended. His stainless sword has found its scabbard and will flash no more in the fierce heat of battle. Henseforth, he must walk the quiet paths of peace. Most of his property has been taken from him and he has a family to support. What work shall he undertake—for he was not willing to be idle. Offers came to him from many quarters, some of them of a very lucrative nature. One offer was the Presidency of an Insurance Company coupled with what was then a very large salary—$25,000.00 a year. He replied that he knew nothing about insurance. They answered "we do not wish you to know about Insurance: what we want is your *NAME* at the head of our Company." With quiet dignity Lee replied: "I could not accept compensation for work I cannot do. And as for my name, it is not for sale at any price." He accepted the Presidency of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia at a salary of $1,500.00 and a home. The plant had been badly damaged in the war; its endowment was

worthless; its faculty scattered; its student body pitifully small. But under the magic touch of the great commander, the plant was quickly improved; money came in from many quarters; the faculty was enlarged, and the student enrolment soon became the largest in all its history up to that time. He assumed charge of a wrecked and broken College, and left it, after five years, a strong and prosperous institution.

His coming was characteristic of the man. For he arrived alone and unheralded and mounted on his gray horse Traveler which had often borne him unharmed through the fierce storm of battle.

Thus, "Without the roll of sounding drum
Or the trumpet that speaks of fame,"

the "great hero of a surrender came to Lexington," that he might serve to the limit of his strength the youth of a broken but unconquerable South.

He was called away from his busy tasks from time to time to visit various cities from Baltimore to Savannah, and was both surprised and gratified to find that his travels were marked by a continual ovation. Vast crowds everywhere gathered to do honor to him who in spite of defeat was still loved and admired and applauded and trusted by every true Southern heart. His spirit was cheered by the warmth of the greeting extended him everywhere by old and young.

Yes, "He had fled from fame,
But fame sought him in his retreat,
Demanding for the world one name
Made deathless by defeat."

Of the cause to which he had dedicated his life with such complete devotion, a British poet wrote: "No nation rose so white and fair, None fell so pure of crime."

But I cannot close without, at least, a brief reference to the Christian character of General Lee.

He was a regular attendant upon service whether in a city or in the camp. Unobtrusively, he knelt with the men in the ranks whether in field or forest and reverently took part in the worship.

He loved his Bible, and reverently and regularly sought comfort and guidance in its pages. To English admirers who presented a handsome copy of the Great Book, he wrote: "This is a Book with which none other is worthy to be compared. In the darkest hour it has never failed to give me light and strength."

He held morning prayers in his tent whenever a member of his staff was present to join with him. To the family of Colonel Washington, he wrote of his enjoyment of the service when they knelt together in the quiet of his tent.

To a minister who spoke with great harshness of the enemy, he gave this gentle yet staggering rebuke: "Doctor, there's a good Book which both of us read which says, 'Love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you.' I fight those people, but there's never a day I do not pray for them."

His last public act was to preside over a protracted meeting of the Vestry of his Church on a cold day in a cold building. They were planning ways and means to increase the salary of their Minister, a West Pointer who had been Lee's Chief of Artillery. The General became so chilled by this prolonged session in an unheated room that he was unable to speak when he reached home and went at once to bed. For two weeks he lay silent and wandering most of the time. His mind often roamed anew the great battlefields. He cried with deep feeling, "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up"—and then "let the tents be struck" and the soul of a great soldier went out to meet the Captain of his Salvation.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is Peace."

"The path of the just is a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

STONEWALL JACKSON

The Man, the Soldier, the Christian

Near the close of the World War I an article went the round of the American press bearing the attractive title: "The Gray Soldier of Jesus Christ." An American doughboy had entered one of the great Paris churches just to see the building. While he stood at the rear looking over the impressive edifice a French officer entered, walked up the aisle, and knelt long and reverently at the altar. An officer of high rank on his knees was an unusual sight, and curiosity held the soldier until at last the officer rose and left the building. The American followed close behind him and when they reached the busy street he was amazed to hear from many lips the eager shout, "Foch," "Foch." Not until then did it dawn upon him that the praying officer in gray was none other than the great Marshall of France—the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies.

But there were gray soldiers of Christ long before Ferdinand Foch ever donned a uniform or drew his maiden sword in defence of his beloved France.

There was Robert Edward Lee—glorious commander of armies, but a humble follower of Christ. Or J. E. B. Stuart, "the greatest cavalry leader ever foaled in America," as he was pronounced by a generous foe. He died at thirty-two clean of lip and of life, a brilliant leader of men, and a fearless soldier of his country, yet "a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

And there was another of Virginia's most distinguished sons who will ever bear the name won amid the smoke and fury of battle: "Stonewall" Jackson. He differed in many ways from the two just named, yet was the devoted friend and trusted comrade of both. Although a veritable thunderbolt in war, he was reverent in spirit and mighty in prayer. These "gray soldiers of Christ" were known and loved long before Marshall Foch came upon the scene.

Of Jackson this paper speaks.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born on, or about, January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg on the Ohio. Much of pathos gathers about his childhood and youth. He was fatherless at three and motherless at seven, and so early became dependent upon the bounty of his kinsmen. Cummins Jackson, an uncle of ample means and big heart, soon took him to his home in Lewis County, and gave him such care as a generous-hearted old bachelor could extend. The marvel is that without the softening influence that a lady's presence would have assured he developed the fineness of spirit and the thoughtful courtesy that marked his later years, and that in spite of the meagre educational facilities of that scattered neighborhood he was able to enter West Point and graduate with honors.

At school he manifested no brilliant gifts, but did his work faithfully and with extraordinary thoroughness. In sports he was always a leader and the side captained by him usually won. Two incidents will illustrate his inherent sense of honor and right. In a group of students on the way to school one morning was a big fellow inclined to be a bully. This lad did or said something to one of the girls which young Jackson thought improper. Tom promptly told the boy he must apologize, or he would "thrash" him. The boy sneered at the suggestion, whereupon Tom, though much smaller, proceeded to give the young bully a thorough beating.

One afternoon Tom was coming up from the river with a big fish on his string. A gentleman met him and asked what he would take for it. He answered: "It's already sold, sir." "I'll give you a dollar for it," said the gentleman. "No, sir, it's already sold." "Then I'll give you a dollar and a quarter," urged the gentleman. "No, sir, Mr. Kester has promised to give me fifty cents for every fish of a certain size. He has taken several that were small. So now he shall have this big one for fifty cents."

Thus declining the attractive offer, Tom walked away and in accordance with his verbal contract delivered the fish to his friend for fifty cents.

His uncle, with a definite touch of the sportsman in his veins, kept blooded horses and owned a race track. Tom became a famous rider, contrary to the popular impression, and was never thrown until that fateful night at Chancellorsville when he received his mortal wound, and his bridle arm was shattered by bullets.

By the time he reached his eighteenth year he had grown restive under the sense of dependence upon the bounty of others, and resolved to strike out for himself. He secured appointment as constable of Lewis County and devoted himself with painstaking diligence to the often unpleasant duties of his office. One illustration will show the lad as father to the man. The collection of a debt was placed in his hands. But the debtor, profuse in promises, broke them without scruple. At last exacting his promise to pay without fail on a certain date, Jackson waited all day at the appointed place for the debtor who never came.

Having given his word to the creditor that he should have his money that day, Jackson paid the claim out of his own pocket, and then began a season of watchful waiting. The man appeared a day or two later, and dismounting started into the store. The alert young constable seized the horse for debt. The man angrily returned and struggled for the possession of the animal. Being larger and stronger, he succeeded in remounting, but not to be outdone young Jackson seized the bridle, and amid a rain of blows from the rider's whip, forced the animal to the open door of a stable nearby. Under the law a horse could not be taken from its owner when he was mounted on its back. Jackson called out to the owner: "Get off or be knocked off, for I am going to lead this horse into the stable." Believing discretion much the better part of valor, the rider promptly dismounted, and the constable had made a successful levy upon the horse.

Soon after this, through the efforts of influential friends, he received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Because of his meagre training, both he and they entertained grave doubts as to his ability to meet the rigid requirements at the Academy, but Jackson declared that "if hard work will put me through, I shall succeed."

He gave himself with tremendous energy to the task. After taps had sounded and lights were out he piled coal upon the open grate and stretching himself upon the floor he continued his studies under that dim uncertain light, to the great injury of his eyes. At the end of the first year he stood fifty-second in a class of seventy-two. At graduation he stood seventeenth, and a friend remarked that had the course been one year longer he would have led the class.

When he left West Point with a commission as second lieutenant war had begun with Mexico and he was soon ordered to the front. After taking the field he remarked to a former fellow student: "I do hope this war will not end until I have been in battle. I am eager to know just what the sensations of a battle are." His desire was fully realized, and he acquitted himself with such skill and courage as to win promotion after promotion, and he left Mexico with the rank of major.

On one occasion he was made commander of a battery that was placed in a very exposed position and swept by a deadly fire from the enemy's guns. So hot was the fire one day that the men abandoned the guns and fled to cover, but the young lieutenant walked up and down among the guns and the fast falling shot, and called upon the men to come back and do their duty as soldiers and Americans.

Years after a group of students asked about the incident, which was modestly told. A freshman called out: "But, Major, why didn't you run also?" Quick and crisp the characteristic answer came: "I was not ordered to run, sir. My orders were to hold that battery, and until those orders were changed, my duty was there."

Jackson remained in the service until 1851, when he resigned to accept the chair of Natural Philosophy and Artillery Tactics at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington.

He was a good teacher, faithful to every detail of duty, but not by any means a particularly brilliant or inspiring one.

To the students he seemed exacting and eccentric, and they nicknamed him "Old Jack"—his favorite title among the men who later followed him in march and battle—though he was just twenty-seven when he entered upon his professorship, and thirty-nine when he fell at Chancellorsville.

He enjoyed the quiet life of that unique mountain town, and above all he prized his home and family life. But when the tocsin of war sounded he promptly joined the colors and never returned to Lexington until his body was brought back to sleep within the shadow of its everlasting hills.

His laurels won in Mexico had faded and been forgotten by nearly every one, until on that July day at first Manassas his gallant brigade turned back the charge of McDowell's men and transformed defeat into victory. From that hour onward he was easily the most romantic figure of the war.

During the winter of 1861-2 Jackson was in command at old Winchester at the head of the famous Valley of the Shenandoah, and was an inmate of my father's home. Nearly every man I knew as a boy who was neither too young nor too old to have been in the army, served under Jackson—and most of them in the famous Stonewall Brigade, which shared the name and fame of its great chief.

You can easily see therefore that I grew up in an atmosphere that was saturated with memories of this great commander. In her charming story of the personal Jackson, rather than the soldier, his gifted and gracious wife has a good deal to say of the old Valley Manse. Four letters from my mother appear in the volume.

Mrs. Jackson was the daughter of Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister in North Carolina. She came to Winchester in the late autumn to spend as much of the winter with her husband as the exigencies of war would permit. Just after Christmas he set out upon his famous expedition against Bath, now Berkeley Springs, in West Virginia. The expedition, in spite of the hardships and suffering resulting from an unexpected storm of snow and sleet, was a brilliant success.

Before starting out upon the march the General came to the Manse and said: "I shall have to be absent for an uncertain period. Mrs. Jackson is a stranger and will be very lonely at the hotel, will you not take her into your home? You know she is a minister's daughter and will be very happy with you." On his return he came at once to the home, and soon

approached my mother with another request. "Now, Mrs. Graham, my wife has been so happy here, will you not let her stay on with you, and lest she give you trouble, I'll just come along and help you take care of her." Of course such a request from such a source could not be denied, and the friendship thus begun continued with unabated warmth to the end of life.

My father talked often and delightfully of that memorable winter which made such a profound impression upon his mind and heart.

To the oft-repeated statement that Jackson was extremely eccentric and awkward, he replied: "He was one of the most courteous and thoughtful of men, concerned lest he should give trouble to his host. He never allowed anyone to transact any business with him at the Manse. If the matter seemed highly urgent he went at once to his headquarters—a couple of hundred yards distant—and attended to the business there. If not, he required the caller to wait until he had returned to his office. To my father's repeated offer of the use of his study he invariably replied: "No, Mr. Graham, this is a private home. Its privacy must be respected. Men must be made to understand that my office is the place where business must be transacted." And so my father's comment was that Jackson's chief peculiarity was that he was just a little more considerate of others, a little more courteous, and kindly than other men. A happy "eccentricity," surely.

He entered heartily into the daily life of the family—interested in its conversation and its fun, and participating in the family worship and often leading it to the profit of all.

He was extremely fond of children and played with them with unreserved enjoyment. He was an early riser and went to his desk often before sunrise even on those cold winter mornings. He returned to his room, prepared for breakfast, and promptly at eight o'clock knocked at my mother's door and taking my oldest brother on his back took him down to the dining room—probably the only man who ever "rode" Stonewall Jackson. He later repaid the General's attention by marrying his neice, while later still his son won the rank of Major in the Argonne Forest.

In the following autumn when his army was camped about twelve miles north of Winchester he rode in one afternoon to take supper "with the family." The children were much excited over his coming and begged to be allowed to sit up after supper to see the General.

One fair-haired lad about three climbed into his lap and gazed into the face of his hero, but yielding to the call of nature was soon fast asleep in the General's arms. Observing this, the great leader laid the sleeping lad upon the sofa. He then secured his gray military cape—for the late November air was very chill—and wrapped the child in it as gently and tenderly as a mother could have done, and then resumed his seat and went quietly on with the conversation.

Surely, "The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

In the early months of the war when his small army was in the making, they little dreamed of the genius that slumbered beneath the shabby cap of their commander. They regarded him as an exacting and eccentric disciplinarian who in the unexplained process of hardening his men for strenuous days that were coming, was forever sending them off upon an apparently aimless march that merely tired them out.

At last a call came from Gen. Beauregard to hurry these troops across the Blue Mountains to Manassas, where they were destined to play a conspicuous part in the first great battle of the war. Instantly all were eager and alert as they "smelled the battle from afar," and they marched away in high spirits. As they passed through Winchester my grandmother and her daughters were seated on the porch of their home, on the site of old Fort Loudoun of pre-revolutionary fame, greeting their friends among the marchers, when a dust-covered horseman drew rein at the curb. They quickly recognized Gen. Jackson and hurried out to speak to him. My grandmother said, "O, General, I am so afraid our boys will run. They have never been under fire." "O, I think not," he replied, "but if they do I will put the women in their places."

"But they would certainly run at the first fire," she answered. Quick and crisp the answer came from those firm lips: "No, madam, never!"

At night the troops made camp near the village of Millwood, not far from the silver waters of the Shenandoah River, "the laughing daughter of the stars," as the Red Men picturesquely called it. Utterly wearied with their long march as soon as they had eaten the men threw themselves upon the ground and were fast asleep.

The officer of the day presently came to Jackson with the troubled inquiry: "General, I believe every man in the brigade is sound asleep. Shall I rouse some of them to do picket duty?" After pondering a moment, Jackson replied: "No. Let the poor fellows sleep. They need it. I will watch the camp tonight."

Thus hour after hour that lone sentry went his silent rounds, keeping watch over those sleeping heroes who were to become the sharers of his greatness.

It is currently reported that Jackson always went to sleep in church. The late Dr. Geo. W. White of Moorefield, W. Va., a son of Jackson's pastor at Lexington, once told me this story. The gifted Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston called one day at the Manse. In the course of conversation Dr. White spoke jestingly of people going to sleep in church. Mrs. Preston, alert and highly intellectual, replied: "Oh, Doctor, you do not mean that people actually go to sleep in church?" "Yes, madam, I mean just that." Then her feminine curiosity was aroused and she said:

"Now, Doctor, would you mind telling me who, in our church, go to sleep?" "Among others," he replied, "Major Jackson always goes to sleep, and your husband, madam, is a glorious sleeper."

But my father always questioned the fact and liked to tell this story in support of his view. Winchester is reported to have changed hands eighty-six times during the war. The Federals tried to secure the loyalty of many by forcing them to take the oath of allegience or be deported. When the Blue Coats had gone not a few ignored the oath under the plea that it had been taken under compulsion. My father was greatly troubled at this breach of honor. He insisted that the oath should be refused at whatever cost, but if taken honor required that it be kept. He preached a sermon on the subject, and was glad to see Jackson in the congregation, as he desired to know his view as to his position. Yet, when he looked down at the General he seemed to be fast asleep, and so no questions were asked. Some time later, however, the question came up in the course of conversation, and to my father's great surprise the General stated: "Mr. Graham, you preached on that subject recently, and I fully agreed with the views stated"—and then he proceeded to give an outline of the sermon. My father felt sure ever after, that though he appeared to be wrapped in slumber, he was in fact wide awake mentally.

In a recent issue of a Richmond paper a photograph of Jackson appeared, coupled with the statement that it was made by "Frye," was found in California, and was the only photograph of the General in existence. I know nothing of Frye, but his work was poor. Moreover, there are many photographs in existence—some good, some bad.

But in the opinion of Mrs. Jackson, and of my father, the best photograph extant was taken in Winchester in the winter of 1862 by a man who was still operating his studio when I was a lad. The story of this photograph may not be without interest.

The General and Mrs. Jackson, together with my father and mother, were dining with the elder Dr. McGuire, father of Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's surgeon general. When dinner was nearly ended, a daughter said: "General Jackson, I want to ask a favor of you." "Certainly, Miss Gettie, I shall be glad to do anything for you in my power." "Well, I want you to have your photograph taken for me." My father looked on with keen interest, as he knew the General was rather averse to sitting before the camera. To his surprise, Jackson answered: "Why, yes, I shall be glad to do so, but in that event I shall have to ask you to excuse me now as I have a busy afternoon ahead." He excused himself and walked down to the studio, a little more than a block away.

When he had taken his seat, Mr. Routzahn said: "General, there is a button off your coat." "Yes, yes," he said, "I know it. I have it here in my pocket. If you can find a needle and thread I will sew it on." These were produced. The gray coat was laid across the commander's knees, and he proceeded with the very difficult task (for a mere man) of replacing the

vagrant button. Yet he who could find Banks and smash him at will was worsted by a brass button, for he sewed it well out of line—three buttons from the top on the soldier's left.

Jackson had an odd way of selecting his staff. Capt. Jas. P. Smith was a theological student who left the academic halls to enlist as a private and was afterwards promoted to Stonewall's staff. He was the first man to reach Jackson on the night of his mortal wounding and helped to bring him from the field. His gray jacket, still stained with the blood of his commander, is now in the Confederate Museum in Richmond.

Major Robt. L. Dabney, probably the greatest theologian of America, left the classroom to become a member of Jackson's staff.

The General was a very early riser, and insisted, often, without success, that the staff should follow suit. His indignation was often deeply stirred by their tardiness.

One morning none of them appeared at early mess, and he ordered his man Jim to pack up food and utensils and give the late-comers no breakfast. When he had nearly finished his task, Dr. Dabney sauntered in and ordered breakfast. "Sorry, sir," answered Jim, "but you can't have any." "What," thundered the great theologian, "bring me my breakfast at once." "Sorry sir," answered the imperturbable Jim, "but the General ordered that because they are so late none of the staff can have any breakfast." Jim had just lifted the coffee pot from the fire, when the Doctor seized his other arm and ordered him to give it to him, but Jim, true to the "high command," spun around in a circle and poured the coffee on the ground, so "theology was dry" that morning among the hills of old Virginia.

When Jackson was on his way to Richmond before the "seven days fight," he was a guest for the night in a fine old country home. At the breakfast hour the lady-of-the-house sent for him. Jim sent back word: "Sure, you don't expect to find the General here at this hour. He left about midnight. I 'spec' by this time he is over in the valley whippin' General Banks." He was in fact hurrying to Richmond for a conference with General Lee prior to the seven-days fight around the Confederate Capital.

The key to Jackson's success—apart from his great military genius—lay in his secretiveness, his swiftness of movement, and the enthusiastic faith of his men. With Jackson they believed themselves unbeatable, and every time he appeared the air was rent with shouts of admiration. No troops were ever moved with such celerity as his famous "foot-cavalry." He sought no advice—save from General Lee—and gave no inkling of his plans to anyone.

In the intimacy of the home one day my mother, unthinking, asked a question which had at least some remote military bearing. Leaning forward with his kindly smile he answered: "Mrs. Graham, I shall have to

answer you as we sometimes answer the children—'if you ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies'." His last—perhaps his only council-of-war with his subordinates—was held at Winchester. The town had become untenable and orders had been issued to move that night. The General came to the Manse to say goodbye. My mother said tearfully: "Oh, General, can't something be done so that you will not 'leave us naked to our enemies?' "

The General rose and paced the floor. Presently his eye flashed with the fire of battle, and grasping his sword-hilt, he said: "Yes, there is one chance. I will go at once and consult my officers about it." He returned in a little while very much cast down and said his officers opposed the plan as involving too great risk—and the army marched away that night.

On the field of second Manassas Jackson, commanding the advance corps of Lee's army, was snatching a little rest when a courier found him asleep in a fence corner. He awakened him and reported the Federals were very near. Jackson rose, rubbed his eyes and turning to Ewell said simply: "Gen. Ewell, attack the enemy; Gen. Hill, support the attack," and presently the tremendous two-day fight was on—a fight that sent Pope reeling and broken from the field to find refuge behind the defenses of Washington sixty miles away.

In the early spring of '62 two officers met in Winchester. One said: "Will you tell me what it all means? I have just been in the General's office. Afraid to ask questions, I repeated rumors that I had heard. 'They say that Shields is coming across the Blue Ridge and is near Front Royal'." "Yes," he answered with a smile, "Shields is certainly coming." "And a large force is coming over the mountains to the west, and preparing to close in on us here at Winchester. Yes, yes, that is true," he answered pleasantly. "And Banks is beyond the Potomac heading this way—and we are here." "Yes," he answered, rubbing his hands and almost laughing aloud—"we are here, Major."

"Now, will you tell me what it all means?" "I cannot tell," said his brother officer, "but 'Old Jack' knows and with that I am content."

As a matter of fact, he was watching all these converging movements with an eagle eye with the aid of Ashby and his swift riders, and just at the right moment slipped out of the net they were drawing about him, and avoiding these armies moved swiftly up the valley—drawing the enemy in widely separated groups after him. Moving swiftly here and there he utterly bewildered his own officers not less than the enemy. In widely separated areas he defeated the enemy at McDowell and then at Front Royal, and then at Winchester struck the army of Banks and sent it reeling and panic-stricken beyond the Potomac.

But the supreme stroke of his genius was the flank movement at Chancellorsville. Gen. Hooker, commanding what he called "the finest army on the planet," was powerfully entrenched. His men outnumbered Lee's more than two to one, and he issued a manifesto to his army saying

that we "now have the enemy where he must ingloriously fly, or meet us on our own ground where certain destruction awaits him."

But while Lee with a scant 14,000 men was pounding away at Hooker's front to divert attention from Jackson's movements, the latter fell like a thunderbolt upon his flank, demolished the 9th Army Corps and paved the way for one of the most brilliant victories of the war.

Yet that victory was dearly bought, for Jackson was mortally wounded by the fire of his own men and died a few days thereafter. When Lee heard of his wounding, he sent this message: "Tell General Jackson that while he has lost his left arm, I have lost my right. Tell him further that if the ordering of events had been in my hands, I should have chosen for the good of my country to have been wounded in his stead."

The event proved that Lee had indeed lost his right arm. For, in spite of brilliant leadership, of dauntless courage and devotion unexcelled, the Confederacy was doomed when this gallant son of Virginia fell.

Even at the risk of trespassing upon your patience, no sketch of Stonewall Jackson would be complete without some reference to his Religious Character.

Although descended from a race that placed the highest emphasis upon religion, for some one has said that "the Scotch-Irish race kept the faith—and everything else they could get their hands on"; and although clean-living and high-minded, and interested in religion, he did not make a public confession of his faith until after he had settled in Lexington, Va.

There he united with the Presbyterian Church and gave himself to his religious privileges with the same fidelity and earnestness that he gave to every other important duty in life.

After a while he was made a deacon and he devoted himself with intelligent energy to the finances of the church. To a brother deacon who was absent from a meeting of that body he remarked: "We missed you last night. I fear you were sick." "No," the other answered, "I had another engagement." "How could you have another engagement when you were already engaged at that hour to attend to the Lord's business?"

His pastor, Dr. William S. White, preached one Sunday on the duty of all Christian men to attend prayer service and to lead in prayer when called on. Jackson reported to him: "I have never attempted to pray in public, but if it is my duty you must call on me." He did so and the Major's first attempt was so distressing to himself and others that the call was not repeated.

Jackson again reported at the pastor's study to say that if his failure to call on him was due to consideration for the people it was all right, but if it is due to consideration for my feelings please disregard it. If it is my duty to pray, I must do this duty at whatever cost to myself.

Gradually he overcame his embarrassed and hesitant utterance and became quite noted for his happy and helpful prayers. He conducted family worship. He prayed in the great congregation. While his students were gathering for class he prayed for them. Before every important step in life, and before undertaking any military movement he sought always the Divine guidance and blessing.

His man Jim once said: "If the General prays long and late, I begin to pack up, because I know there is going to be a fight." From many a battlefield in Virginia there went over the wires to the war office at Richmond the simple message: "God blessed our arms with victory today." On one night following the second bloody battle of Manassas Dr. Hunter McGuire says that a group of officers were gathered before Jackson's tent discussing the great fight, when one of them remarked: "This battle was won by nothing but hard fighting." "No, gentlemen," said the General, who had taken no special part in the conversation, "this battle was won by the blessing of God."

To one who asked him if he had ever thought of being a missionary, he replied: "If I felt that God had called me to do so noble a work, I would go without my hat." On his death-bed—at a time when he seemed to be recovering—he said: "I would not replace this arm, if I could, unless I knew it to be God's will."

He carefully tithed his income and devoted a tenth of it to the Lord's work.

Concerned for the religious welfare of the colored people, he established a Sunday School for them, in which he worked with care and prayer.

Just this incident in closing:

Two or three days after the first battle of Manassas very few details had reached the town of Lexington. They knew of the victory and that Jackson and his men had played a brilliant part in it. A group of elderly gentlemen were gathered at the postoffice waiting the distribution of the mail. When Dr. White received his letters, he saw one addressed in the familiar hand of his soldier friend. As he tore it open he remarked: "Now, gentlemen, we shall know the facts. Here is a letter from General Jackson." And this is what he read:

"My dear Pastor:

Seated in my tent tonight, after a very fatiguing day, I recalled that I had forgotten to send my check for our colored Sunday School. I enclose the check herewith, which kindly acknowledge.

Yours faithfully,

T. J. Jackson."

His name would soon be upon every Southern lip. It would be echoed round the world. But not a word of fight or fame, just sincere concern for the servants at Lexington. Surely that was seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

My young friends—and those who are older grown—put from you the thought that it is either brave or wise, good sense, or good taste, to despise, or even to disparage religion. This great son of a great state was above all a man of Faith.

Follow in the footsteps of Stonewall Jackson, even as he followed the white plume of the great Captain of his Salvation, and when the evening shadows begin to gather about you, as they gathered about him, you too may "pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" in the land to which no death comes, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor tears.

WOODROW WILSON

Man and Statesman

II Samuel III:38—"Know Ye not that a Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel?"

In speaking of President Wilson my endeavor will be not to give a dry biographical sketch, but personal glimpses of the man. I shall try to lift the veil and help you to see what manner of man our great war President was—something of his brilliant gifts, his great intellect, his warm heart, and his high principle—his lofty and unselfish devotion to duty regardless of its effect upon his personal fortunes.

I must say without immodesty that I inherit a friendly admiration for Mr. Wilson. An older brother was a fellow-student in law with him at the University of Virginia. A younger brother was later a student under him at Princeton, and our fathers were devoted and life-long friends. I met the elder Dr. Wilson when I was a very young man in attendance upon our General Assembly of which he was secretary. When introduced he greeted me warmly and asked about father. Then with a twinkle in his eye he said: "Tucker, are you as good a man as your father?" I answered proudly, "No, Dr. Wilson, I fear I'm not half as good as he." "Well," he replied, "if you are *half as good as he you are all right, for he is the best man I ever knew.*"

Some years later in New York my brother said to me: "Have you seen Dr. McCartney's book on Presbyterian Heroes? He has a sketch of Stonewall Jackson and one of Woodrow Wilson, and has a good deal to say about an interview with father." I found that when they began to talk about Wilson the fine old Doctor was included. My father remarked: "Of all the great and able ministers I have known during my long ministry, I think Dr. Wilson had *the finest intellect of them all.*" I thought it a wonderful conicidence that these two fine old gentlemen should be thus complimenting one another in such high terms.

In speaking of the son of my father's friend, I would say that only one other President has been so bitterly criticised as he, and that other was no less a personage than George Washington. Criticism, varied and unbelievably harsh, was constantly hurled at him. One man said: "The only way to think of George Washington as respectable is not to think of him at all." Washington deeply resented these things, but his patriotic soul continued to carry on in spite of them. Mr. Wilson gave small heed to the dogs that barked at his heels though they continued to bark with increasing noise and fury. But while the dogs are largely forgotten, the man grows larger with the passing years.

The main basis of criticism was that he was haughty and aloof, that the public did not have free access to the President. When Mr. Harding later was running for office he announced that, if elected, his office door would stand wide open, and that anyone might see him at will. But Mr. Harding was "playing to the galleries." He did not weigh his words. He was proposing a physical impossibility. If Mr. Wilson had proposed to see only one per cent of the people of the United States, and to see each person only ten minutes, it would have required a full twenty years without pausing for food or sleep.

But as a matter of fact, while he had no time for the idle and curious, if you had any real business with the President he would see you. Take this personal experience. The President's father had been a professor at Hampden-Sydney College of which I was later the President. It occurred to me that it would be a fine thing if we could get the President of the United States to come over into Virginia and make our Commencement address. After waiting in vain for help from our Congressman, a former fellow-student, I decided to try the method of direct approach. Knowing his strong sentiment about anything connected with his fine old father, I wrote a personal letter reminding him of his father's connection with the College, and that his name was still held in warm regard on our campus. I stated that there were one or two matters of great interest to the College that I would like to talk with him about, and that if he would see me I would come to Washington on any day he would name. I then added that I was due to pass through Washington on December 1 and that if he could see me on that day I should be most grateful. I received an answer by return mail: "Mr. Wilson will see you at his office at noon on December 1."

You may be sure I was there on time, and when I was ushered into his office, had I been the heir to the British crown he could not have received me with more gracious and unhurried courtesy. He showed me a chair not across his desk, but at his side, and we talked freely and pleasantly for twenty or thirty minutes about the old college in which his father had been a distinguished teacher long years before. It was an experience I can never forget.

When World War I was at its height; when Lloyd George was declaring on the floor of the House of Commons that the war had resolved itself into a battle against time between Woodrow Wilson and Von Hinden-

burg, there came to Washington from Augusta, Georgia, an old minister who called at the White House office and asked to see Mr. Wilson. He had no business and no appointment, he simply wished to speak briefly to the President. Politely but firmly Secretary Tumulty told him he was very sorry but the President's time was too crowded to permit him to see him, and at that time he was in a Cabinet Meeting and would not like to be interrupted. But the old minister persisted: "You just tell him I'm here. I'll detain him only a few minutes, and I've come a long way. I think he will see me." Saying: "Well, I'll speak to him but I know he cannot see you," the secretary entered the cabinet room and whispered to the President: "There's a fine old chap out here who has come all the way from Augusta, Georgia, just to speak to you for a minute or two. I think he is genuine, Governor. He knew your father and told me the story about the old gray mare." "Tell him if he will wait I'll see him as soon as I can."

Presently Wilson excused himself and went out into the office. The old minister approached and laid his hands on the President's shoulders, saying: "Woodrow, I'm glad to see you. I knew and loved your father. He often talked of you and said you were going to be a great man some day, and might even be President of the United States. And now what shall I say? Just this. Be a good boy and God bless you." He then turned and walked away. The President evidently touched and embarrased, hurried back to the Cabinet Room, but as he laid one hand upon the door-knob, he paused and wiped his eyes. Returning he said: "Gentlemen, please excuse this interruption" and then resumed the great business in which they were engaged.

This is the story that opened the door of the cabinet room to a perfect stranger.

One hot summer afternoon when the town was largely asleep, this man was leaning against the wall of a store on Main Street when Dr. Wilson, rather carelessly dressed, came driving up the street behind a spanking gray mare. He called out: "Dr. Wilson, your horse is better groomed than you are." The good Doctor shot back the answer: "Of course he is. I take care of my horse. My congregation takes care of me."

When he lived in Wilmington, North Carolina, there was a negro butler who developed great pride in, and affection for, "Mr. Tommy" as he called the future President. He thought him a very great fellow. Years after, when the butler had become a very old man, word came that "Mr. Tommy" was very ill in Washington, and the old man packed his simple grip and started for the Capital to see if there was anything he could do for the friend of years ago. When he reported at the Wilson home and his presence was made known to the ill ex-president, he was promptly invited to the sick room, and he and "Mr. Tommy" talked long and affectionately about the old days, and then the former butler took an affectionate leave of his friend of other days and started on his long trip back to the old North State. But he had seen and talked with "Mr. Tommy" and was satisfied.

As illustrative of the great heart and the fine courage that dwelt in the bosom of President Wilson, when war with Germany was brewing, we had trouble also with Mexico, stirred up by Teuton agents. An insult to our flag compelled an attack on Vera Cruz in which several marines were killed. When it was decided to bring home the bodies of the slain men that they might sleep in American soil, President Wilson announced that he would go to New York to meet the ship. At once the most vigorous objection was raised to this course. Friends argued that the atmosphere was too tense, that there were too many rumors afloat of intended violence and attempts at assassination to make it wise for the President to assume this risk. To clinch these objections one remarked: "We have lost three Presidents by assassination. America cannot afford to risk the loss of a fourth." Mr. Wilson promptly replied: "America cannot afford to have a coward as its President," and declared his purpose to meet the incoming ship. He went to New York, led the procession (and *on foot* if I recall correctly) up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and returned to the White House unharmed. But he had proved that America did not have a coward as its President. Years later when it was reported that Mr. Wilson was dying, crowds from near and far gathered about the house and although it was a cold February night many eyes were wet with tears and many knelt and prayed that he who had guided the nation through the perils of a great war might himself have a safe passage to the other world.

Men do not travel long distances, or kneel in the open on a bitter winter's night, to express respect and affection for one who is cold and haughty and aloof. These things bear eloquent witness to the fact that here was a great soul, and a heart that was warm and kind and true.

Woodrow Wilson was a real orator—probably much the finest speaker who ever sat in the White House. The late Mr. Roosevelt was a very pleasing speaker, but he read his speeches, and no man can ever grip profoundly the hearts of his hearers with a manuscript. When Mr. Wilson was President of Princeton he was visited one day by a group of public men who asked him to accept the party's nomination for Governor of New Jersey. He at first declined but finally consented with the proviso that, if elected, he would have to do a bit of housecleaning. When the campaign was in full swing every hall in which he spoke was crowded to the doors, and men and women with tears streaming cried "At last, at last, a great leader has come to the front."

When he went before Congress to ask for a declaration of war with Germany in the great chamber standing room was at a premium. He closed his great address with a quotation (apparently unconscious) from the greatest man the German race has produced. When Martin Luther stood before the Diet of Worms on trial for his life he concluded his defence with this bold declaration: "Here I stand, I can not do otherwise—God help me." Mr. Wilson concluded his eloquent appeal to the Congress with the same moving sentence: "Here I stand. I can not do otherwise. God help me."

I saw this story recently. While at the Peace Conference he was asked to deliver the Memorial Day address at one of the American cemeteries. The day before he called in his secretary and said, "I must dictate this speech." He uttered one sentence and then was silent looking fixedly into space and thumping the table with his pencil. After a long interval he said: "I will not dictate further, you may go, Sir." The secretary told a friend about the matter, saying, "You must go to this ceremony tomorrow and I want you to time the President. I think he will speak exactly fifty-nine minutes"—which was the exact time of this significant silence. The friend timed the President and found that he spoke exactly fifty-nine minutes. This is one of the most remarkable intellectual achievements of which I have ever heard.

Perhaps the most impressive speech he ever made was his last, and it was delivered to a great audience at Pueblo, Colorado. He was feeling badly when he went on the platform and said to his secretary that he would have to cut his speech short. But there was no evidence of physical disability as he proceeded and keyed his audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. When he brought his eloquent address to a climax by a reference to American cemeteries in France where thousands of sleeping heroes made their voiceless appeal for a new and better world, his audience wept unashamed, and even hardened reporters freely wept. That night on the train the stroke fell which greatly hampered and almost ended his brilliant career.

Just to tabulate in the briefest way his greatest achievements I would name five.

1. Repeal of the Panama Canal Tolls. An unusual example of moral courage for Britain which had asked for the repeal was not popular in the United States at that time. It might have cost him very many votes. Yet he did not hesitate to act as he did.

2. The Federal Reserve System, which has saved America untold financial woes.

3. The revision of the tariff, an item at a time which precluded the possibility of trading on the part of interested Congressmen.

4. The League of Nations, which America blindly repudiated and after a second more bloody war is seeking to atone for with an United Nations.

5. The conduct of the greatest war in history (up to that time) in which tens of billions of dollars were spent, and only one small scandal resulted, which he himself had uncovered and punished.

But one of the most outstanding characteristics of this great man is that he was a *Christian,* unafraid and unashamed. He was raised in a

home of piety. Almost with his mother's milk he had learned: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." Also, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." He was a regular church-goer, and always took an active part in the service. He was a genuine lover of the Bible, and is the author of the lofty statement: "I pity the man who does not read his Bible every day." He conducted family prayers. One of the special treasures he carried with him from the White House to his more modest residence in N. W. Washington was a well-worn Bible. When too frail to rise early he gathered his family in his bedroom, and in halting accents read from the Book and then lead them in prayer and praise to the Throne of Grace.

Soon after his return from Paris a letter went from him to Nacoochee Institute, a mission school among the Georgia Hills to which he was a regular contributor, saying: "I regret that this has been greatly delayed by circumstances beyond my control. Please find my check enclosed."

Cordially yours,

Woodrow Wilson."

Here then was a man born in the quiet seclusion of a minister's home among the Virginia mountains. He was endowed by his Creator with rare gifts of head and heart. He rose to dizzy heights of fame and power, yet he never "lost the common touch." By the grace of God he learned to "meet both triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same." No Alexander, or Caesar, or Napoleon ever attained "such vast powers under law." Yet he used them to defend his country, and to promote the largest good of the greatest number both at home and abroad.

He forced the proud and haughty Kaiser to his knees. His methods shortened the war by a year or two. He compelled the surrender of the greatest army that had laid down its arms in the history of the world up to that time.

Across the stormy waters of the Atlantic there was borne in upon him the anguished cry of stricken Belgium. Of France slowly bleeding to death under the cruel heel of a ruthless invader. He heard the impassioned cry of Allies reeling under the hard blows of a powerful foe:

"To you from falling hands we throw the torch.
Be yours to hold it high.
If you break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep,
Though poppies grow in Flanders Field."

And Woodrow Wilson kept the Faith with the living and the dead! Fighting for a safe and peaceful world, he stood at the battle's front resolute and undismayed. He asked no quarter and gave none. Like Caesar, the great, he was stricken almost to the death by those who ought to have been his friends and helpers in this grand crusade. And when he fell sore wounded, it was with his face to the foe! For his heroic soul would neither bend nor break.

When the fight in the Senate over the treaty was at its height a friend in the West sent me a cartoon which I have in my scrap-book. At the center is a man in an invalid's chair. The features are unmistakably those of President Wilson. The lightning was playing about his head. Shells were bursting on every side. But he sat with head erect, calm, cool, and unafraid, while beneath the picture was written:

"Wounded, but still in the trenches."
A noble tribute to the soul of a great fighting man.

When little men criticise our splendid leader, my answer is:

"Had he his faults?
I would you had them too.
They are the fruity must of soundest wine.
Or say, they are the regenerating fire
That turns the dense black element
Into a crystal pathway for the Sun."

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

Statesman and Orator

On June 3, 1773, near the point where the waters of the Appomattox blend with those of the James, was born one of the most remarkable men America has produced. "John Randolph, of Roanoke," the world has elected to call him, and so indeed he often wrote himself in his later years. But as a matter of fact he did not begin to reside at the "Roanoke" plantation in Charlotte County until he was nearly forty years of age. "Cawsons" was his birthplace and "Matoax," opposite Petersburg, the home of his childhood. The perils resulting from Arnold's invasion compelled his mother to flee westward with her young children and to take up her residence at "Bizarre." This still prosperous plantation, charmingly situated on the crest of a hill overlooking the town of Farmville, was the home of John Randolph until long after he had achieved a fame as stateman and orator that reached beyond the seas. Here he lived in the midst of a people whom he loved best of all Virginians, and whom he proudly described on the floor of Congress as "such constituents as no man ever had." They repaid his admiration with a loyal and enthusiastic devotion that never failed or faltered save once, and that for a very brief period, throughout a long and stormy public career.

Mr. Randolph's life covers the most picturesque period of American history, and in those lofty and momentous struggles that marked the first four decades of the life of the Republic, he played a conspicuous and impressive part. "There were giants in those days." Probably no other nation has produced within so brief a period so brilliant and numerous a company of statesmen as those whose names adorn the annals of our country prior to 1840. Washington, Henry, Mason, Madison, Jefferson, Hamilton, Burr, the Adamses, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster and others of like mould, were contemporary with Randolph in those formative days of the Republic, and he was easily the peer of any one of them in the forum of debate. It has been charged that with all his gifts of intellect and eloquence, his was not a constructive statesmanship. While he exposed with withering power the fallacies or perils involved in the legislation proposed by others, no great measure found upon our statute books bears his name. He frankly admitted the charge, saying that he regarded this as the "brightest feather in his cap." In his judgment, there is too much lawmaking, and the people least governed are generally best governed.

Mr. Randolph did not possess the temperment requisite to permanent success as a party leader, though he filled that very exacting position with distinguished ability for a time. He was essentially an Independent, and with him principle stood always above the claims of party. His manner was reserved and often haughty. He scorned the arts of the mere politician, and would not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." He knew little of conciliatory measures, and was

a stranger to compromise. He *drove* men by sheer force of his logic, by his masterful grasp of the question at issue, and by his resistless eloquence, but he could not *draw* them to himself by his personal magnetism. The result was that while multitudes admired him profoundly—almost extravagantly—yet few cherished for him a warm personal affection, or were admitted to terms of genuine intimacy with the Sage of Roanoke.

Wherever he spoke, men crowded to hear him and hung with breathless interest upon his every word. When he arose all eyes were fastened upon him, and the mellow music of his voice, kindled the intellect and stirred the heart of men as the leaves of the forest are moved by the winds of autumn. Although Mr. Randolph died more than a century ago, his sayings are more often upon the lips of men—some brilliant epigram or biting sarcasm—and his picturesque personality a more familiar theme of conversation than is true of any other of that notable company of statesmen who claim Virginia as their birthplace.

The idea is widely current that Mr. Randolph's voice was shrill and rasping—an idea derived, in all likelihood, from the incisive quality of the language in which his thoughts were couched. Whatever his intellectual powers, no man who spoke in rasping tones could be universally accounted an *eloquent* speaker. His ear was as sensitive to jarring sounds, or even an infelicitous phrase, as is an accomplished musician to a discordant note. Though pitched somewhat high, and possessed of great carrying power, the tones of Mr. Randolph's voice were mellow and pleasing.

The late Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, speaker of the Confederate Congress, once stated to the writer that John Randolph possessed the noblest voice for public speaking to which he had ever been privileged to listen.

The political career of a man of gifts so transcendent, of personality so unique, of eccentricities so marked, opens before us an alluring field of investigation. But to enter it would be to extend a brief article into a volume. We must, therefore, be content with this passing allusion to the statesman, and speak of the man and his faith.

From boyhood to old age Randolph was like no other man. His spirit of aloofness tended inevitably to increase his personal eccentricity, and throws an atmosphere of pathos even about a life so richly endowed as his. He was fatherless at two years of age, and motherless at fifteen. His brilliant mother's death was to him a crushing blow for he loved her with romantic devotion, and there was no one to take her place in his heart's affections. Even as a youth his intimates were few, and almost all of those who were closely bound to him by the ties of kinship or of friendship preceded him to the grave. In a letter appearing elsewhere, he writes, ". . . . it pleased God that my pride should be mortified; that by death and desertion I should lose my friends; that, except in the veins of a maniac, and he, too, possessed 'of a child' by a deaf and dumb spirit, there should not run one drop of my father's blood in any living creature besides myself." A more pathetic picture of loneliness—of a life apart from the life currents that ebbed and flowed about him could scarcely be conceived.

Moreover, the superb intellect that flashed before the eyes of men with such fascinating power was housed in a body that was the constant prey to illness and disease, and was linked with a nature singularly high-strung and sensitive. Things that would pass unnoticed with others would set his nerves on edge, and perhaps call forth emphatic rebuke. He was a constant sufferer, and did not know the meaning of robust health. Under conditions that would have condemned many to a life of invalidism, Mr. Randolph prosecuted his work as planter and statesman with unabated vigor. Infirmity of body induced an infirmity of temper that often rendered him irritable and even morose, and gave a sting to his words that the victim did not soon forget.

His engagement to the beautiful Maria Ward was suddenly and mysteriously broken off. Of her he wrote, "I loved, aye, and was loved again, not wisely, but too well." The abrupt termination of this charming romance touched his proud spirit to the quick, and threw an added shadow across his life.

The facts thus briefly enumerated throw helpful sidelights upon a strangely unique and perplexing character. They enable us to see him in the midst of his environment, and to realize that while no American statesman has been more richly endowed, no one has done his life task under circumstances more adverse. As Carlyle so well says of Israel's king, a just appraisement of his character must take into account the temptations he was called to face and the circumstances that surrounded his life. The same thing is true of the brilliant and eccentric Sage of Roanoke. If we would rightly measure the man, we must take into account his temperament, his training, and the circumstances—adverse, and at times tragic—in the midst of which his lifework was done.

This is especially true of his *Religious experience.* As, for instance, when he writes: "My condition has on more than one occasion resembled that of him who, having one evil spirit cast out, was taken possession of by seven other spirits more wicked than the first, and the first also."

The Christian life was not all sunshine for him. The swift running currents of the world, the flesh, and the Devil set strongly against him, and at times threatened to sweep him from his moorings. His anchor dragged at times, but never altogether lost its hold.

Proud as Lucifer, it was not easy for him to bend the knee, even before the Prince of Life. His imperious temper, strong by nature and intensified by a life of suffering, often burst all bounds and flashed forth in scathing rebuke and indignation. The customs of the day, together with the tastes formed long years before, led him at times to partake too freely of the social cup. Yet he did not attempt to conceal his failures, or to condone his faults.

Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge once said in half humorous vein: "You ought not to judge me by the standards by which other men are judged.

It takes more grace to show on me than on any one else." The subject of this sketch might well claim that the world's judgment of him be tempered with the charity that is kind, for it took a goodly measure of grace "to show on him."

Mr. Randolph frankly confesses that he was for years an infidel. It will be interesting to note the steps by which the good providence of God let him out of darkness into His marvelous light, and find illustration of the words of the wise man, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

First of all there was the influence and example of his mother, whose maiden name was Frances Bland. Of the impress left by this beautiful and accomplished woman upon her gifted son, one of Mr. Randolph's biographers has this to say: "His mother early taught him to read, and impressed on his mind the best lessons. She was a member of the Church of England, a faith from which her son never long departed. On her bended knees, with him by her side, she repeated day after day the prayers and collects of that admirable litany, which were never effaced from his tenacious memory. Often through life he has been known, in mental agony, to ejaculate them with an earnestness that called forth tears from all who heard him.

" 'When I could first remember,' says he to a friend, 'I slept in the same bed with my widowed mother—each night, before putting me to bed, I repeated on my knees before her the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed—each morning kneeling in the bed I put up my little hands in prayer in the same form. Years have since passed away; I have been a skeptic, a professed scoffer, glorying in my infidelity, and vain of the ingenuity with which I could defend it. Prayer never crossed my mind, but in scorn. I am now conscious that the lessons above mentioned, taught me by my dear and revered mother, are of more value to me than all that I have learned from my preceptors and compeers. On Sunday I said my catechism, a great part of which at the distance of thirty-five years I can yet repeat'." Across the long and troubled years that lay between his boyhood and his conversion, he saw that gentle mother's hand out-stretched and beckoning him home to that Saviour whose name he had learned to lisp in accents of prayer at her knee.

To the impress left upon the plastic mind of this youth by the gracious spirit of his mother, should be added the potent influence exerted by certain friends of his maturer years, who thus afford happy illustration of the Apostolic word: "Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men." Writing in 1815 to his friend, Dr. Brockenbrough, who like himself was passing slowly from the clinging shadows of scepticism into the clear light of faith, Mr. Randolph said: *"The only men I ever knew well, ever approached closely,* whom I did not discover to be unhappy are sincere believers of the Gospel, and conform their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts. There are only three of them." With these trusted friends he conversed, or corresponded, often and most earnestly

about the things of the soul, and gratefully acknowledged their help in the bitter struggles through which he passed.

Another element in his conversion was *disappointed ambition.* He declared: "Had I remained a successful political leader, I might never have been a Christian." His bitter opposition to the War of 1812 left him standing almost alone in the Halls of Congress. The war spirit swept over the land. He was strongly opposed at the next election, and for the first and only time in his life, Randolph was defeated at the polls, and was forced to retire for a brief period to private life. This enforced retirement afforded him needed time for meditation. Being thus brought to realize the uncertain and unsatisfying nature of earthly honors and ambitions, he began to seek those rewards that abide—"the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

The fourth element in his conversion lay in the *loss of his loved ones by death.* The repeated invasions of the dread enemy filled him with dismay and shadowed his life with grief. Desolate and broken, he felt the utter emptiness of the consolations which the world had to offer. Sitting in the shadow of his multiplied afflictions, he confesses: "I had tried all things but the refuge in Christ, and to that, with parental stripes, was I driven."

These are the elements which in the providence of God brought this man of genius and ambition to an humble faith in the Son of God. It cannot fail to be of interest to look in upon this mystery at first hand. For happily this man, so reserved and inscrutable to the world at large, has laid bare his heart to the eye of one or two trusted friends, and in the pages of his private diary.

When this struggle between light and darkness, that was waged so long and so bitterly within his soul, was at its height, he writes to his trusted friend, Francis Scott Key:

"For a long time the thoughts that now occupy me came and went out of my mind. Sometimes they were banished by business; at others by pleasure. But heavy afflictions fell upon me. They came more frequently and stayed longer—pressing upon me, until, at last, I never went to sleep, nor awoke, but they were the first and last in my recollection. Oftentimes have they awakened me, until, at length, I cannot, if I would, detach myself from them. Mixing in the business of the world I find highly injurious to me. I cannot repress the feelings which the conduct of our fellow-men too often excites; yet I hate nobody, and I have endeavored to forgive all who have done me an injury, as I have asked forgiveness of those whom I have *wronged in thought or deed.* If I could have my way, I would retire to some retreat far from the strife of the world, and pass the remnant of my days in meditation and prayer; and yet this would be a life of ignoble security. But, my good friend, I am not qualified (as yet, at least) to leave the heat of the battle. I seek for rest—for peace. I have read much of the New Testament lately. Some of the texts are full of consolation;

others inspire dread. The Epistle of Paul, I cannot, for the most part, comprehend; with the assistance of Mr. Lock's paraphrase, I hope to accomplish it. My good friend, you will bear with this egotism; for I seek from you instruction on a subject in comparison with which all others sink into insignificance. I have had a strong desire to go to the Lord's Supper; but I was deterred by a sense of my unworthiness; and, only yesterday, reading the denunciation against those who received unworthily, I thought it would never be in my power to present myself at the altar."

Later he writes in more confident note:

". . . But there is one source of affliction, the last and deepest, which I must reserve until we meet, if I can prevail upon myself to communicate it even then. It was laid open by one of those wonderful coincidences, which men call chance, but which manifest the hand of God. It has lacerated my heart, and taken from it its last hope in this world. Ought I not to bless God for the evil (as it seems in my sight) as well as the good?

Is it not the greatest of blessings if it be made the means of drawing me unto Him? Do I know what to ask at His hands? Is He not the judge of what is good for me? If it be His pleasure that I perish, am I not conscious that the sentence is just?

"Implicitly, then, will I throw myself upon His mercy; 'not my will, but Thine be done'; 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner'; 'Help, Lord, or I perish.' and now, my friend, if, after these glimpses of the light, I should shut mine eyes and harden my heart, which now is as melted wax if I should be enticed back to the 'herd,' and lose all recollection of my wounds, how much deeper my guilt than his, whose heart has never been touched by the sense of his perishing undone condition. This has rushed upon my mind when I have thought of partaking of the Lord's Supper."

In a subsequent letter, he tells Key: "In a critique of Scott, vol. xii, upon the Bishop of Lincoln's 'Refutation of Calvinism,' it is stated, that no man is converted to the truth of Christianity without the self-experience of a miracle. Such is the substance. He must be sensible of the working of a miracle in his own person. Now, my good friend, I have never experienced anything like this. I am sensible, and am always, of the proneness to sin in my nature. I have grieved unfeignedly for my manifold transgressions. I have thrown myself upon the mercy of my Redeemer, conscious of my utter inability to conceive one good thought, or do one good act without His gracious aid. But I have felt nothing like what Scott requires." Again to Dr. Brockenbrough, himself, it seems, at this time, disposed to be somewhat skeptical: "I am no disciple of Calvin or Wesley, but I feel the necessity of a changed nature, of a new life, of an altered heart. I feel my stubborn and rebellious nature to be softened, and that it is essential to my comfort here, as well as to my future welfare, to cultivate and cherish feelings of good will towards all mankind; to strive against envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. I think I have succeeded in forgiving all my enemies. There is not a human being I would hurt if it were in my power; *not even Bonaparte.*"

At last the clouds that have so long hovered above his spirit are rolled away, and standing in the mellow light of assured faith he writes in joyous strain:

"Congratulate me, dear Frank—wish me joy you need not; give it you cannot. I am at last reconciled to my God, and have assurance of His pardon, through faith in Christ, against which the very gates of hell cannot prevail. Fear hath been driven out by perfect love. I now know that you know how I feel; and within a month for the first time I understand your feelings, and those of every real Christian."

The following note is taken from his diary. It will be the more interesting because not intended for any eye but his own:

"It is my business to avoid giving offense to the world, especially in all matters merely indifferent. I shall, therefore, stick to my old uniform, blue and buff, unless God sees fit to change it for black. I must be as attentive to my dress, and to household affairs, as far as cleanliness and comfort are concerned, as ever, and, indeed, more so. Let us take care to drive none away from God, by dressing religion in the garb of fanaticism. Let us exhibit her as she is, equally removed from superstition and lukewarmness. But we must take care, that while we avoid one extreme, we fall not into another; no matter which. I was born and baptized in the Church of England. If I attend the convention at Charlottesville, which I rather doubt, I shall oppose myself then and always to every attempt at encroachment on the part of the Church, the clergy especially, on the right of conscience. I attribute, in a very great degree, my long estrangement from God, to my abhorrence of prelatical pride and puritanical preciseness; to ecclesiastical tyranny, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant; whether of Henry V. or Henry VIII.; of Mary or Elizabeth; of John Knox or Archbishop Laud; of the Cameronians of Scotland, the Jacobins of France, or the Protestants of Ireland. Should I fail to attend, it will arise from a repugnance to submit the religion, or Church, any more than the liberty of my country, to foreign influence. When I speak of my country, I mean the Commonwealth of Virginia. I was born in allegiance to George III.; the Bishop of London (Terrick!) was my diocesan. My ancestors threw off the oppressive yoke of the mother country, but they never made me subject to *New* England in matters spiritual or temporal; neither do I mean to become so voluntarily."

Mr. Randolph's devotion to the Episcopal Church, as indicated above, affords a striking example of the power of heredity, and bears witness to the lasting influence of his mother's gentle piety. Most of his life was spent out of reach of the Episcopal Church. The ministers who most profoundly influenced him, and for whose eloquence and learning he cherished the highest admiration, were Dr. Moses Hoge (the elder), President of Hampden-Sidney College, and Dr. John Holt Rice, Professor at Hampden-Sidney College, and later the founder of the Union Theological Seminary. While these Presbyterian ministers were his spiritual advisers and his devoted friends, he never abandoned the Church of his mother.

THE LIBRARY
Union Theological Seminary
RICHMOND, VA.

The excerpt that follows is of the highest interest, not only because of its notable testimony to the Bible as the Word of God, and its fitness to satisfy both the intellect and the heart of a man of extraordinary genius; but also because of the happy glimpse it affords of the reality of his conversion, as evidenced by his concern for the religious welfare of his slaves, and his endeavor to secure their spiritual uplift.

"Mr. Randolph, from the dignity of Rev. A. W. Clopton's character, became peculiarly attached to him. He frequently invited him to his house to preach to his negroes, and on these occasions he would have them collected from his different plantations, to the number of several hundreds, to hear him.

On one occasion, after Mr. Clopton had closed his discourse, Mr. Randolph undertook to deliver an appendix.

He dwelt on the gratitude that was due to God for His kindness, and illustrated by his own kindness to his servants. He spoke of the ingratitude shown to the Creator, and illustrated by their ingratitude to him. "My ancestors," said he, "have raised all of you, save one, whom I bought from a hard master for sympathy's sake. I have cherished and nourished you like children; I have fed and clothed you better than my neighbors have fed and clothed their servants. I have allowed you more privileges than others have been allowed. Consequently, any good heart would have shown gratitude even to me.

But, oh! the ingratitude of the depraved heart! After all my superior kindness, when I was in my feeble health, sent a minister to Russia, you all thought I would not live to return, and you and the overseers (damn you—God forgive me) wasted and stole all you could, and came well-nigh ruining me. But come back, and I will forgive; come back to God, and He will forgive. My negroes, hear what the clergyman says." He stopped and said, "Don't think I mean any disrespect by calling you negroes, for I must inform you that negro is only a Spanish word for black." (It is stated that the minister promptly rebuked him for the use of this term as being profane and irreverent. In his most gracious manner, Mr. Randolph replied that he had no thought of being profane, but was using the term "damn" in its strict Biblical sense as indicative of the punishment that was sure to descend upon those guilty of the sins he was condemning, unless they repent.)

When the service closed, he took the clergyman into his library, a room full of shelves and books arranged in good order. Passing on to a corner, he called for two chairs, and sat down to relate his Christian experience.

In that corner was stored a fine family Bible, with a number of works for and against its authenticity. "Mr. Clopton," said he, "I was raised by a pious mother (God bless her memory), who taught me the Christian religion in all its requirements. But, alas! I grew up an infidel;

if not an infidel complete, yet a decided deist. But when I became a man, in this as well as in political and all other matters, I resolved to examine for myself, and never to pin my faith to any other man's sleeve. *So I bought that Bible; I pored over it; I examined it carefully. I sought and procured those books for and against it, and when my labors were ended, I came to this irresistible conclusion: The Bible is true. It would have been as easy for a mole to have written Sir Isaac Newton's Treatise on Optics, as for uninspired men to have written that Bible."*

The letter that follows is the most remarkable product of Mr. Randolph's pen that bears upon his religious views. It is a letter of sympathy addressed to his "mother's son" (his half-brother), after the death of a boy of eighteen, who is said to have possessed talents nearly, if not quite, equal to those of Mr. Randolph himself. In its exquisite phrasing, it might well be adopted as a model by those who are called upon to write letters of sympathy to-day:

"May He who has the power, and always the will, when earnestly, humbly, and devoutly entreated, support and comfort you, my brother! I shall not point you to the treasures that remain to you in your surviving children, and their mother, dearer than all these put together. No; I have felt too deeply how little power have words that play around the head to reach the heart when it is sorely wounded. The commonplaces of consolation are at the tongue's end of all the self-complacent and satisfied, from the pedant priest to the washer-woman. (They who don't feel can talk.) I abjure them all. The father of Lord Russell, when condoled with according to form, by the book, said, "I would not give my dead son for any other man's living." May this thought come to your bosom too; but not on the same occasion. May the Spirit of God, which is not the chimera of heated brains, nor a device of artful men to frighten and cajole the credulous, but is as much an existence that can be felt and understood as the whisperings of your own heart, or the love you bore to him that you have lost—may the Spirit, which is the Comforter, shed His influence upon your soul, and incline your heart and understanding to the only right way, which is that of life eternal! Did you ever read Bishop Butler's Analogy? If not I will send it to you. Have you read the Book? What I say upon this subject, I not only believe, but I know to be true—that *the Bible studied with an humble and contrite heart, never yet failed to do its work,* even with those who from idiosyncracy or disordered minds have conceived that they were cut off from its promises of a life to come.

"Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." This was my only support and stay through years of misery and darkness; and just as I had almost begun to despair, after more than ten years of penitence and prayer, it pleased God to enable me to see the truth, to which until then my eyes had been sealed. To this vouchsafement I have made the most ungrateful returns. But I would not give up my slender portion of the price paid for our redemption—yes, my brother, our redemption—the ransom of sinners—of all who do not hug their chains and refuse to come out from the house of bondage—I say that

I would not exchange my little portion in the Son of David for the power and glory of the Parthian or Roman empires, as described by Milton in the temptation of our Lord and Saviour, not for all with which the enemy tempted the Saviour of man.

This is the secret of the change of my spirits, which all who know me must have observed within a few years past. After years spent in humble and contrite entreaty that the tremendous sacrifice on Mount Calvary might not have been made in vain for me, the chiefest of sinners, it pleased God to speak His peace into my heart—that peace of God which passeth all understanding to them that know it not, and even to them that do. And although I have now, as then, to reproach myself with time misspent and faculties misemployed; although my condition has on more than one occasion resembled that of him who, having one evil spirit cast out, was taken possession of by seven other spirits more wicked than the first, and the first also; yet I trust that they, too, by the power and mercy of God, may be, if they are not, vanquished.

But where am I running to? On this subject more hereafter. Meanwhile, assure yourself of what is of small value compared with that of those who are a piece of yourself—of the unchanged regard and sympathy of your mother's son. Ah! My God! I remember to have seen her die—to have followed her to the grave—to have wondered that the sun continued to rise and set, and the order of nature to go on. Ignorant of true religion, but not yet an atheist, I remember with horror my impious expostulations with God upon this bereavement—"but not yet an atheist." The existence of atheism has been denied; but I was an honest one; Hume began and Hobbs finished me. I read Spinoza and all the tribe. Surely I fell by no ignoble hand. And the very man who gave me Hume's "Essay Upon Human Nature" to read, administered "Beattie Upon Truth" as the antidote—Venice treacle against arsenic and the essential oil of bitter almonds —a bread and milk poultice for the bite of the cobra de capello.

Had I remained a successful political leader I might never have been a Christian. But it pleased God that my pride should be mortified; that by death and desertion I should lose my friends, that, except in the veins of a maniac, and he, too, possessed "of a child" by a deaf and dumb spirit, there should not run one drop of my father's blood in any living creature besides myself. The death of Tudor finished my humiliation. I had tried all things but the refuge in Christ, and to that, with parental stripes, was I driven. Often did I cry out with the father of that wretched boy, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief"; and the gracious mercy of our Lord to this wavering faith, staggering under the force of the hard heart of unbelief, I humbly hoped would, in His good time, be extended to me also. St. Mark 9:17-29.

Throw Revelations aside, and I can drive any man by irresistible induction into atheism. John Marshall could not resist me. When I say man, I mean a man capable of logical and consequential reasoning. Deism is the refuge of those that startle at atheism, and can't believe Revelation;

and my————, (may God have forgiven us both), and myself used with Diderot & Co., to laugh at the deistical bigots who must have milk; not being able to digest meat. All theism is derived from Revelation—that of the laws confessedly. Our own is from the same source—so is the false revelation of Mahomet; and I can't much blame the Turks for considering the Franks and Greeks to be idolaters. Every other idea of one God that floats in the world is derived from the tradition of the sons of Noah and handed down to their posterity.

But enough—and more than enough. I can scarcely guide my pen. I will, however, add that no lukewarm seeker ever became a real Christian; for "from the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force"—a text which I read five hundred times before I had the slightest conception of its true application.

Your brother, J. R., of Roanoke.

To H. St. G. Tucker, Esq.

This letter may well be accounted John Randolph's "Confession of Faith." Certainly it would be difficult to frame a confession of sin more contrite and complete, or a statement of belief more comprehensive than this.

(It might be added, as a matter of more than passing interest, that this letter was the means under God of saving from spiritual shipwreck a nephew and namesake of its author, and a son of the man to whom it was addressed. The late John Randolph Tucker—brilliant lawyer, statesman, and orator—in conversation with the writer stated that in his early manhood he was tainted with scepticism, and the much "exploited" difficulties of the Bible bulked large in his view. One sentence from this letter, however, kept echoing in his memory, and finally banished all doubt: "Throw Revelation aside, and I can drive any man by irresistible induction into atheism. John Marshall could not resist me." In that conversation, the nephew made this impressive statement: *"I never won a case in court upon evidence so strong as that which convinces me of the Resurrection of our Lord."* Long years after he declared: "Let the sceptical astronomer construct the universe as he will, so he leaves me the Sun of Righteousness. Let the geologist delve into the crust of the earth, and come to what conclusion he may, so my feet stand upon the Rock of Ages. Let the evolutionist trace man back to some primordial germ, *he cannot evolve a Christ, nor evolute me from a joyous faith in him.*")

It is said that when this brilliant statesman lay dying in Philadelphia, whither he had gone to embark upon an ocean voyage in the hope that his broken health might be improved, he called for pencil and paper, and wrote the words: "Remorse, Remorse." This has been often quoted as the dying cry of a man of genius who has lived for the world and died without Christ. The rather must it be understood to express the deep shame of a penitent sinner who, reviewing his life, is oppressed with the sense of his own unworthiness, and filled with contrition, "carries his

repentance to the very gate of Heaven." "Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling." Over against this confession of a life misspent *by* him, we place his confession of immovable trust in another life well-spent *for* him:

"But I would not give up my slender portion of the price paid for our redemption—yes, my brother, our redemption—the ransom of sinners —of all who do not hug their chains and refuse to come out of the house of bondage—I say that I would not exchange my little portion in the Son of David for the power and glory of the Parthian or Roman empires, as described by Milton in the temptation of our Lord and Saviour, not for all with which the enemy tempted the Saviour of man."